

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENDER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back."

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

EIGHTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1892.

NUMBER 39.

The Greatest Effort — OF — OUR LIVES! — IN THE — History of Lexington! Louis & Gus Straus' DISPLAY OF SPRING CLOTHING

Every Department overflowing to its utmost capacity. This is not a catch-penny sale of any kind, but good honest values and qualities at fair prices. During the coming week we will display full lines of Men's and Boys' Clothing—representing the leading and best manufacturers in the United States and Europe. We will forfeit our reputation of thirty years' standing in Lexington. We have never failed to keep our promises heretofore:

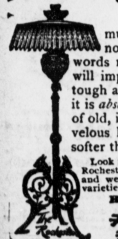
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$5.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$10.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$15.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$20.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$25.

OUR MERCHANT: TAILORING: DEPARTMENT
Is the finest in the United States. Our Cutters and Workmen are first-class artists. We are doing the largest business we have ever done. Come and make your selections early.

L. & G. STRAUS.

LEADING CLOTHIERS AND FINE TAILORS.
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

"Seeing is Believing."



And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for this stamp. The ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer has not the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send us for our new illustrated catalogue. We will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the Largest Lamp Store in the World.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 45 Park Place, New York City.

"The Rochester."



JAY-EYE-SEE 2:10

Mr. J. I. Case, (Hickory Grove Farm, home of Jay-Eye-See) Racine, Wis., says: "After trying every known remedy, I removed a large bunch of two years standing, from a 3 year old eye, with three applications of QUINN'S OINTMENT."

It is the best preparation I have ever used or heard of. I heartily recommend it to all sufferers.

We have hundreds of such testimonials.

Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Ask your druggist for it. If he does not keep it, send us 50c, stamps or silver, for trial box.

W. B. EDDY & CO., Whitehall, N. Y.

TRY IT.

Furniture, Carpets and Rugs!

THE TOPICS OF THE DAY: Men are talking about who shall be the next President, Tariff Reform, &c., but the ladies are talking of the Fine Furniture and how cheap they can buy it from

Geo. W. Robinson, . . . Campton, Ky.

I have just added to my stock of General Merchandise the largest and most complete line of Furniture ever brought to this country, and will make prices as low as can be had at Winchester or Lexington. So come and see goods and get prices before buying elsewhere.

Truly yours,
GEO. W. ROBINSON.

The Woful Sub-Committee.

In room 14, in solemn state, the GREAT COMMITTEE sat, And every man among 'em thought he knew where he was at: And insisted on proceedin' for to call the Guv'nor down Which the same could swing a veto axe—and his other name was Brown.

Now, matters up at Frankfort, they had come to such a pitch That the trouble it was grievous over revenue and sick; And the people were complainin', just as people sometimes will, That the General Assembly wasn't more than fit to kill.

So this solemn old committee crowded right into the room, And then it sent to Bourbon, for a man that had a boom.

Now the question for debate' the committee had in view If it didn't have no merit, why, it certainly was new; And it sort o' run in this way: "That we count a bill as passed Though the final vote we hold to, happens not to be the last."

So they searched the constitution, and they hunted all the laws, 'Till the broth came near to burnin' from the number of the cooks.

For every man among 'em had his own opinion flat, And he sort o' thought the others didn't know where they were at.

So they finally concluded that to frame a stout address That the number of the 'dressors must grow beautifully less.

Then they weeded and they weeded 'till they simmered down to five With the solemnest intention for to flay the Guv. alive, And they didn't sleep in day time, and they didn't eat at night, But they set to work to flay him, and they worked with all their might.

So they fastened down the transom, and they tightly locked the door While the chunks of heavy wisdom made a rip-rap on the floor.

Then the midnight oil was lighted, and the wisdom began to flow. To the murmurs of the others that 'twas bound to be a go.

Grammar, Rhetoric, Metaphysics, Cicero de Senectute, Each was drafted into service—these for wind and that for beauty; And the wisdom evolved in the now historic room Was as incense to the nostrils of the man that had a boom.

Day and night that sub-committee wrote and pondered, wrote and scratched Incubating on their bustling 'till the added egg was hatched.

Blew a blast of shrilly triumph, blew a self-laudative blast O'er the sub-committee logic that a final wasn't last.

There the GREAT ADDRESS they scattered—Sandy's vale and Milt's Point Heard the wisdom incubated in that famous little joint.

On the long Ohio border; by the turbid Licking's wave; In the glorious Blue-grass region; in the depths of Mammoth Cave; In the Bear-grass; on the mountains; in the noisiest Pottsville.

Everywhere the GREAT ADDRESSES billed their logic and their style.

Then they calmly sat and waited, in a swelling state of mind, Waiting for a special message—that the Guv'nor had resigned.

But the Guv'nor kept his counsel (and his veto axe in trim) And if any one was troubled, why, he didn't look like him.

Well, it happened somewhat later, that the 'Court of Errors' high Took in hand the GREAT ADDRESSES, and it blackened up their eye; O'er its knees it laid them gently; drew a breath both broad and deep.

And the way the quacks were given would have made old leg weep. It was lively while it lasted; it was whole-some when 'twas done; Had they felt as sorry sooner, that address they'd ne'er begun.

Happen maybe they are wiser, since the judgment was reversed; Happen maybe they'll acknowledge that a final isn't first; Happen maybe they'll acknowledge that the now historic room Was the fatalist thing could happen in the burnin' of a boom.

Yet a tear we must vouchsafe 'em when we contemplate the group, With the lonely women's products at the bottom of the soup;

And a smothered murmur rises—as though talking through a hat—"Will some charitable christian please to tell us where we're at?"

—Newport State Journal.

Three Brutes Wanted.

Six negroes are now held at Bowling Green, Ky., upon the charge of assaulting Miss Kate Anderson recently. The young woman is very weak, and none of the prisoners have been taken before her for identification, as her physicians think it best she should not yet be subjected to the ordeal. The city council offers a reward of \$250 for the arrest of the guilty man, and a handsome reward is also being made up by private subscription. County Judge Grider telegraphed governor Brown, asking that he offer a state reward. Gov. Brown replied that he will offer a reward of \$300. The council has authorized chief of police James to secure blood-hounds to track down the brutal negro if he is not one of the six now in jail. Leonard Tye was removed from Williamsburg to Stanford jail to prevent a mob from hanging him for the rape and murder of Mildred Bryant. A mob is looking for an unknown negro who assaulted the 8-year old daughter of H. V. Brien, at Bellevue, Tenn.

The Odd-Fellows Home.

A movement is on foot to secure the location of the proposed Odd-fellows widows' and orphans' home at Shelbyville, Ky. The grand lodge of this order at its recent meeting in Covington, appointed committees to perfect arrangements for establishing a home, and by the proposed charter it must be located within forty miles of Louisville and outside of that city. This condition is based upon a proposed donation of \$25,000 from a Louisville man, provided the condition as to location is carried out. But one other town in the prescribed limit is making any effort to secure this building, and Shelbyville and the vicinity will doubtless do the liberal thing in the matter of contributions necessary to secure the location of the home.

They Beat the Law.

The amount of whisky that is being unloaded at our depot is immense. A great deal is in barrels much of it in kegs and a vast amount in jugs. A great deal of it is for distillers. They register their brandy stills, make a few gallons and then sell something to drink the year round. The only person who can sell liquor of any kind in Breathitt county legally, is the distiller, and he is allowed to sell it only by the quart, not to be drunk on the premises. If only the liquor made in the county was used, we would be comparatively free from the curse. The same is true of adjoining counties. The liquor brought here by the railroad goes to Knott and Perry counties as well as to Breathitt. The grand juries will have plenty of work in ferreting out this illegitimate traffic.—Jackson Hustler.

The state grange, which was in session at Louisville last week, adopted the following resolution, a copy of which was ordered sent to Representative Carroll, who introduced the bill appropriating \$100,000 for a representation of the state at the World's Fair:

Resolved, That in the opinion of the state grange of Kentucky, it would be an irreparable misfortune for Kentucky not to have a creditable exhibition at the great Columbian exposition at Chicago, and we earnestly and respectfully ask the legislature to pass the bill to appropriate \$100,000 for that purpose, introduced by Representative Carroll, and believe that Kentucky can not be made to appear at her best with a less sum.

The state grange is pretty good authority among farmers, and its wishes should attract attention.—Frankfort Capital.

A boiler, twenty-four feet long and forty-eight inches in diameter, at Newport, Ky., let go. The immediate fatalities were confined to two tramps buried in the debris, whose names are not known. In addition to these, two workmen, Herman Wolf and Geo. Roedel, were mortally wounded. If any others have been hurt, that fact is not ascertained. The boiler house was demolished, and the financial loss is \$15,000. Fragments of the boiler were found 1,200 feet away.

The World's Fair Bill.

The court of appeals has decided the World's Fair bill unconstitutional, because the legislature did not give it the proper vote on its final passage. Three opinions are given out, covering seven columns of small type in the Courier-Journal. Judge Pryor furnishes a dissenting opinion, which is the most logical in the lot, and which will be endorsed by the court of appeals as a necessity before ten years roll around. To allow laws to be assailed in any court will make all laws uncertain, and a remedy must be supplied. In all these issues the Auditor is the only man on top. He has saved the State \$100,000, and prevented a void act from taking it out and lodging it in Chicago for a Kentucky restaurant and bar. The commissioners were appointed by the governor under a void act, and the accounts of said commissioners were approved by the governor after his excellency had raised the question that other bills similarly enacted by the general assembly were not laws. The attorneys should now suggest the official death of the apoplexies, and move the appointment of an administrator to settle the estate.—Frankfort Argus.

Rain Making Partly Successful.

A Letter from Gen. Dyrenforth.

Gen. Dyrenforth admits that his experiments in this line have not come quite up to his expectations, but it is interesting to read what he has to say about a still greater achievement of the age as it concerns our health:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 5, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I deem it a duty to inform you of the remarkable curative effects experienced by myself, and by others under my view, from the use of your Electropole. You may not know that I am a regular M. D. and have been a practicing physician. From the course of my education and association as such I had no faith in the treatment. Personal experience and observation have, however, convinced me of its wonderful and subtle effects. I ascribe the beneficial results of the instrument I used, and the curative effects of the others which I observed, to the establishment of a potential by thermo-electric action. I congratulate your company upon having broad and strong protection by its patent upon the instrument. Yours,

E. G. DYRENFORTH.
Address DuBois & Webb, Fourth and Jefferson, Louisville, Ky.
Fifty page book free.

The Auditor's Indorsement.

The Auditor, Major L. C. Norman, is the only person that is crowned with laurels by the Court of Appeals. Says Judge Pryor: "He (the Auditor) is the trustee of the state's funds, and to such an extent that not one cent can be drawn from the treasury without his warrant, and his persistency in refusing to pay this claim not only attests his fidelity and efficiency as an official, but his defense, which he is sustained by my associates, has saved the state an expenditure from the treasury under a void legislative enactment the sum of \$100,000.—Frankfort Argus.

The following, from an unidentified newspaper, is going the rounds of the press, and so fully states the situation that its publication is justifiable in every state where the alliance has drifted into politics.

A Kansas man, who had been affiliating with the alliance party of that state for the past few years, having severed his allegiance thereto, thus briefly gives his reasons for so doing.

Because it is run by lawyers without clients.

By doctors without patients.

By preachers without pulpits.

By women without husbands.

By farmers without harvests.

By financiers without finance.

By educators without education.

And by statesmen without a job.

Wilbur C. Benton, a pension agent of Covington, was last week convicted in the United States court at that place of taking an exorbitant pension. The penalty is two years in prison, \$500 fine, or both.

Congressman Goodnight is quite sick at his home at Franklin, Ky., and will not be able to go to Washington for some time.

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, N. Y.

THE SPHERE OF PAINTING.

It is Enlarged by the Addition of Things to Eat.

In one of the principal restaurants of Paris they have just invented culinary painting, and an artist is a regular member of the establishment. This example is being rapidly followed by restaurants of every class. Yes, your breakfast is painted, your omelet, leg of mutton, salmon—all are colored by a special process. There is progress for you!

I recently saw a baked leg of mutton painted, and the operation interested me greatly. The object was to make it a leg of mutton toasted on a spit. Having transfixed it with a spit which was immediately withdrawn, the cook then passed over the mutton, saying: "The painter had before him a dozen bowls of different dimensions. Each had its paint brush, and on one side were lying several brushes of various degrees of stiffness. The artist for a moment studied the leg of mutton submitted to him, passed his hand across his brow, then dipped his brush into the pot labeled 'rissole' and painted the deep brown parts of the mutton just from the oven.

He next took a mop and with it sprinkled a powder of carbonated meat on the joint, calculated to crackle under the teeth. With a brush dipped in a mixture called "natural blood," he imitated the prices from which the juice escaped abundantly. The scullion poured two or three spoonfuls of consommé in the dish and added a little beet juice; then with a small syringe pierced with three holes like those used in treating the ear, he variegated the whole with several pounds of boiling grease.

The mutton was served to a party of Wallachians with the announcement: "There, gentlemen, just from the spit." This operation was scarcely over when I heard an order come through the speaking tube: "Four redbirds." The chief immediately called out: "Go quickly, I asked for four yellow Alfred birds." The painter replied: "He is the redbird manufacturer."

Alfred came, they gave him three bleeding sparrows, and having drawn up with a straw a certain quantity of chicken fat, pricked each sparrow and injected the grease between the skin and the flesh. The sparrows had become redbirds, reeking with fat and plumpness. Thus served, sparrows bring ten cents each.—*Jeune Miller's Quarterly.*

HER NAME.

Possible Hints Concerning the Manner of Speaking to or of Servants.

The New York Sun has been saying a good word for a class of people who are commonly treated as if they had no names, in the ordinary sense of the word. As one housekeeper expressed herself: "I always call my cook Berks, my maid Mary, and my man John. We're constantly changing, and can't be bothered with learning and trying to remember their names."

It might have been suggested to this lady that her indulgence in learning her servants' names had perhaps some thing to do with their short terms of service. Servants being human beings, it is not so very surprising that they should like to be treated as such.

If the cook is a married woman, why should not the fact be recorded? "Mrs. White, Mrs. Brown would like to see you," was the message that the housemaid brought from the cook to the mistress.

The mistress remonstrated. "Mary, why do you not say? Mrs. White, the cook would like to see you?" "O'm'am, Mrs. Brown wouldn't like it."

"But I wish it." Shortly afterward the girl returned. "Mrs. Brown says, m'am, she wasn't baptised 'Cook'."

The cook was indispensable, and accordingly she remains Mrs. Brown. And why not? Youth's Companion.

Where Ignorance is Bliss.

A young Boston man who is slight cold and sore throat, and meeting his cousin, who is a physician and something of a wag, he asked him what to do for it.

"Oh, I'll write a prescription for you," was the answer. He wrote it, and the gentleman glanced at it before taking it to the druggist. It read—"Aqua pura—ounce; chloride sodium—ounce. Shake well before using, and gargle with it every half hour."

"How much is it?" queried the patient, as the druggist handed him the bottle.

"Two dollars," was the reply. Some weeks later the young man's throat was sore again, and remembering the efficacy of his cousin's prescription, he took the bottle to be filled again.

Another clerk waited on him, and when he inquired the price he was astonished at the cheerful answer: "Oh, water.—It doesn't charge anything for salt and water.—*Leeds Mercury.*

THE LITTLE TYPE WRITER.

"A little type writer and I lunch upon pickles and I And on the grotesque Machine on my design My fingers like lightning fly."

Of course it's my ardent desire To be at the office at eight, But, usually late, With dignity I beg I make my appearance divinely.

Right sharp on the second I glow, But though on the second I glow, What's the use of my glow? Must wait for my phone Or walking to home with my bow.

Not only I keep out of debt, But I save myself a job, But save something, too, Which men never do, Although of their smartness they boast.

I laugh at—for never they hurt— The office boy's efforts to flirt, But others who try I freeze with my eye, While others feel cheer than dirt.

Like Bridget I'm able to reign, And treat the head clerks with disdain; They have to obey For fear I some day Might wear their employer, so vain.

O yes! When such chances I weigh I envy not maidens who plead Pleasure and love, but I plead My type-writers go Of quicker and surer than their.

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

AN UNKNOWN CHAMPION.

The Lesson He Taught in the Fourteenth Century.

THEY may well say that I ought never to have been born, for there seems to be no place for me in the world, and no work that I can do there."

Those despairing words were spoken on a bright spring morning in the early part of the fourteenth century by a short, clumsy, hard-featured boy, who was lying on the brow of a low ridge in the north of Bretagne, or Brittany, and looking gloomily at the dark gray battlements of the ancient castle that rose above the encircling woods half a mile to the left.

"Many have thought thus before thee, lad," said a deep voice beside him; "but, trust me, there is in this world of ours a place and a work for every man living, if he will but seek it out."

The boy looked up with a start, and he started yet more when he saw who it was that had spoken to him. By his side stood a gray-haired, stern-faced man in full armor (for in this stormy age no one ever went abroad unarmed), tall and strongly made, but disfigured by a deformed shoulder and a face almost as ugly as the boy's own; but, grim as he looked, there was a kindly look in his keen, gray eyes that went straight to the heart of the forlorn lad.

"Messire Yvon," cried the boy passionately, "if it be as thou sayest, what place or work in life is there for me? My brothers mock me, and call me 'Bertrand de Land' (Ugly Bertrand), and shut me out from all their sports and pastimes. My father himself hates me and wishes me dead, and gives me no chance to learn knightly training or win knightly fame; and all because I am short and ill-favored, instead of being the very strong champion he is. Is it my fault that I was born ugly? And yet I feel that I could do something had I but the chance."

"Sayst thou so?" cried the old knight, eving him all approvingly. "Nay, then, there is no fear of thee, for he who longs to do worthy deeds, and feels

that he can do them when a chance shall offer, will not wait long for the chance, be assured of that. As for his mockery, heed it not. Even so did men jeer at me when I had thy years, because of my crooked shoulder and ugly face; and many a time have I thought (as thou thinkest now) that there was no hope and no place for me among men, yet here I stand this day a warrior and a knight."

"I am shait thou be no day, and thou wilt be a man, and not let thyself be discouraged by the laughter of fools."

"Thinkest thou so in very deed, messire?" asked the boy, somewhat more hopefully.

"Ay, that do I," said the veteran, leaning "Nay, mark ye, Bertrand. Know'st thou ought of handling sword and lance, and reining a war horse?"

"Oft have I tried," answered Bertrand, flushing, "but I have none to teach me, and who shall say whether I do aright or not?"

"Ah, that will I!" cried Yvon du Chatelet. "He that is willing to learn need never lack teachers. Come to me when thou wilt, and I will teach thee all I know of that which bescometh a knight; I warrant thou wilt not be slow to learn. There is my hand on it."

The boy took the offered hand with a brightening face, and thus was the strange compact concluded. Six years had passed since that talk on the hilltop, and they had brought many changes along with them. "Ugly Bertrand" was still as ugly as ever, but Sir Yvon du Chatelet's private lessons (the secret of which had been so well kept that no one but their two selves knew anything of it) had already borne abundant fruit. Bertrand, the lad who could not wield the heaviest lance and the longest sword as well as Sir Yvon himself, the most vicious horse could not throw him when he was on his back; and when one day, after many entreaties on Bertrand's part, the old knight rode against him in full charge, with leveled spear, and failed even to shake him in his saddle, the younger warrior felt prouder than if he had been suddenly made king of France; for he now felt that there was something for him to do in the world, and that, he, too, might defend his country and serve his people.

As for his three brothers, who were now the most renowned tilers in the whole district—they still made fun of him behind his back as much as ever; but of late they had become rather shy of laughing at him to his face, and for this there was a very good reason.

One day a great tournament was held in that district; and Bertrand's three giant brethren rode gallantly out to join the muster, leaving their youngest brother at home—for what business could "Ugly Bertrand" have at a tournament?

The picture they made in their glittering armor and waving plumes, as they pranced along the road on their splendid horses; and beside them rode their father, with his stout men-at-arms at his back and his ancestral banner floating over his head. But the old baron—who was already advanced in years, and had had his full share of glory—was going to the tournament only to watch the feats of his stalwart sons, fully expecting that these young giants, who had never met their match in single combat, would carry off all the honors of the day.

His sons were quite as confident as himself, and when the contest began, it seemed as if their confidence would be fully justified. Everyone who dared to face their lances was borne down, horse and man, or sent flying out of his saddle like a stone from a sling.

At last no more challengers seemed inclined to come forward, and the marshal of the lists—who was no other than the duke of Bretagne himself—was beginning to think of declaring the sports ended, and adjudging the prize to the eldest of the three redoubtable brothers, when suddenly the blast of a trumpet was heard from the far end of the course, and a single horseman, sleeked in complete armor, and with his helmet closed, rode slowly into the lists.

His appearance was greeted with a murmur of mingled wonder and amusement, and certainly not without reason—for his figure was so short and square that he seemed to be almost as broad as he was long, and he rode a horse quite as clumsily shaped as himself.

But some of the more experienced lookers-on remarked that this odd horse was immensely powerful in spite of its queer looks, and that its rider must be very strong indeed, for the spear and shield that he bore were so heavy that few ordinary men could even have lifted them.

Then the trumpets sounded, and the heralds proclaimed that this unknown champion stood ready to meet whichever of the three victors might first advance against him. Gaston, the eldest, hearing this, said to Raoul: "I waste not a good lance on yonder brawler's block. Go thou and smite him down."

Raoul rode forth with a scornful laugh; but he found it no laughing matter to be very strong indeed, for the tremendous crash, and while the stranger sat almost unshaken, Sir Raoul bent back to his horse's tail, and was only saved from being unhorsed by the burst of the lance, which he smote upon which his foe's lance had struck with the shock of a battering ram.

The crowd, which had no love for these overbearing brothers, gave a cheer, and Olivier, the second of the lancers, stepped in, grinding his teeth with rage. But he had no better luck than Raoul.

The stranger's lance hit him full on the breast, and, losing his stirrups, he rolled on the earth amid a whirl of dust.

"Go thou and deal with him, Gaston," shouted the fierce old baron to his youngest son, who himself had been beaten by an unknown man in no son of mine."

Stung by the taunt, Sir Gaston threw his whole strength into the charge, and the two met with the shock of a thunderbolt.

It seemed to some of the lookers-on as if Gaston, in his anger, but he recovered himself, and wheeled his charger for another course. But he was not to escape a second time.

The unknown champion's spear struck him on the helmet and hurled him from his saddle as if fired out of a gun.

This was more than the old baron could bear, and springing from his seat, he roared: "Ho, there! Bring my horse—quick! I myself will deal with this nameless fellow, since these good-for-nothing boys have let him conquer them!"

"Nay, I must not fight with thee," said the unknown.

And opening his helmet he showed to the astonished baron the harsh features of his despised son, Ugly Bertrand! "What! Bertrand?" gasped the old man.

Then Sir Yvon du Chatelet, who was the only man in the secret, said with a mischievous smile: "For this teach you, my worthy neighbors, that it is not well to judge any man by appearance, and that great



THE UNKNOWN CHAMPION WINS.

deeds are done by a strong arm and a stout heart, not by comely faces and gay clothing. This youth, who hath begun so well, will make all France hear of him ere he end."

And so it was, for that despised boy became the greatest man in France, and the most famous soldier of his time. And you may see to this day, in the old Breton town of Dinan, the ancestral armor and the ancestral banner of an armed man, who was a child can tell you—is the monument of Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, lord high constable of France.—*David Ker, in Golden Days.*

EBEN WAS FOND OF MUSIC.

So His Wife Asked Mrs. Shaw to Teach Her—Just How to Whistle.

So many old experiences are related of Mrs. Shaw, the pretty whistler of Europe and America, that every time a new one is told you are moved to exclaim in the language of the ruralist: "Do tell!" "What next?"

One time when the charming silhoues was traveling, through the country towns, giving exhibitions of her skill, there was brought to her room in the hotel where she was stopping a card bearing this simple inscription: "Mrs. Ebenezer Hay."

"Show Mrs. Hay to my parlor," said Mrs. Shaw, "and I will give her an interview."

"Now, Mrs. Hay, what can I do for you?" said she, as an honest-looking countrywoman entered the room. "I would like to learn to whistle. 'Will you not be seated?' We can talk better so. Is there any way I can be of service to you?"

For a minute the countrywoman hesitated and then, throwing aside all reserve, she burst out with: "You see, m'am, the trouble is this: Me and Ebenezer is powerful fond of music. We could listen to it all the time if we had a chance. But just now we ain't got no musical instrument, and Eben was thinkin', too, that we could manage to have music if I could learn how to whistle. So I come to you, m'am, a-thinkin' that maybe you wouldn't mind tellin' me a thing or two about it, jist so I could learn to pucker. Me and Eben is so fond of music,"—*N. Y. World.*

What Did It.

"I never got into but one fight in my life on my own hook," said one of Detroit's best-looking and best police-men, "and that was a friend of mine, long before I ever thought of being a policeman. It was at an election and he was drunk enough to be ugly. He was for one man and I was for another, and with a scabbie, I slapped me one along the jaw. It made me hot and before I thought I had hit him in both eyes and blacked them badly. The scrap was over in a minute, and I was sorry, for I thought I had lost over a hundred dollars. Next day I met him, with his eyes blacker than lost over a hundred dollars of settling."

"Hello," I said, with a laugh, "what's the matter with your eyes?" "He kicked me in the eye," he responded, "and he kicked me in the eye, and he called it square at that."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Didn't Make Any Difference.—"My brother has a bicycle with two wheels," said little Aleck. "I don't care," he replied. "He has a bicycle with two wheels, and he has a brother, he'd have one too."—*Harpers' Young People.*

"It's been puzzling my brain," inadvertently remarked Snodgrass. "What has?" asked Snively. "Whether a man with a glass eye ever has a pane in it."—*Jeweler's Circular.*

Home-Seekers, Attention!

The United States government has decided to open, Nov. 22, 1892, for settlement under the homestead laws, the Bay Islands of the Marquette & Little Saginaw Railroad, heretofore reserved from entry in Northern Michigan, to the same right of the Ontonagon & Huron River Railroad has been denied to a large tract of land in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. This gives an unprecedented chance to locate valuable timber and mineral lands, which are among the best in Upper Peninsula, and are reached only over the Northern Marquette & Little Saginaw Railroad between Chicago and Lake Superior.

For other particulars address C. E. ROLLINS, Land and Immigration Agent, 101 La Salle street, Chicago.

It is an odd fact that the duty of most missionaries is to go to the bad.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Actress, Vocalists, Public Speakers praise Hise's Honey of Horehound and Tar, Hise's Tonic and Drops Cure in one minute.

Hayden—"Do you run on this road?" Tramp (sally)—"No, I just walk on the ties."

For sick headache, dizziness or swim- ming the head, pain in the eye, body, or rheumatism, take Beecham's Pills.

Easy circling of the square—rounding the corner.—*Demorest's Magazine.*



Everything catarrhal in its nature, catarrh itself, and all it troubles that come from catarrh, are perfectly and permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. No matter how bad your case or of how long standing, you can be cured.

Dr. KILMER'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Scrophulous, Bilious, Catarrhal, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved of cure in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. By their mild and natural action, these little Pills lead the system into natural ways again. Their influence lasts.

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Dr. KILMER'S CATARRH REMEDY.

The Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, - - - Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
FRIDAY, : Dec. 13, 1892,

Two bandits, belonging to the Garza band of revolutionists, were killed in Star county, Texas, Saturday by the rangers under Capt. Brooks.

The announcement comes from Bowling Green that editor John B. Gaines will be postmaster of that place under the Cleveland administration.

FARMERS are placed at a decided disadvantage by reason of bad roads, for while they do not get what their produce is worth, they are compelled to pay more for what they must buy as consumers. Let the farmers meet and inaugurate steps to better themselves.

The better the roads the cheaper the articles of home consumption. Salt, sugar, flour, coffee, everything, in fact, that we have to buy through our merchants, could be bought from 10% to 25% cheaper with better roads than at present, and the merchant would still realize a good profit on his sales. Let us have better roads.

THE Manchester (N. H.) Union very forcibly expresses a fact in the following: "Good roads can not be made without putting three things into them—good material, brains and money. Without good stuff to work with, brains and money are helpless; with good material and no brains, the money spent is worse than wasted, and you may have the material and the brains and no money to work with, and you can do nothing."

THE HERALD for a long time, single-handed and alone, made an appeal for better roads in this commonwealth, and we are glad to note now that the prospect is brightening. Farmers, more than all others, should be interested in this matter, and we hope they will take hold and do something. Kentucky as a state, is far behind her sisters in this respect, and Eastern Kentucky behind all other sections. Now is the time to take action, and let us hope that it will be done.

The funeral of Senator Randall Lee Gibson, a native Kentuckian, but for many years a resident of Louisiana, and from which state he had been twice elected to the United States senate, was held at St. Paul's Catholic church, Lexington, on Sunday morning. Committees from the state legislature and the United States senate attended the services and the burial. The dead senator's term of office would not have expired until 1895. He was a brother of Col. Hart Gibson, of Lexington, and like him, one of the most lovable men who ever entered public life.

AGAIN the news comes that ex-Secretary James G. Blaine, is at death's door, and the Courier-Journal of Monday, thus summarizes the situation: "A sinking spell which came very near terminating Mr. Blaine's illness, between the hours of 10 and 11 yesterday morning, brought his family and friends to a realization of the distinguished invalid's critical condition, and the unusual sight of Sunday afternoon "extras" issued by the Washington press apprised the people generally that the end of the ex-

secretary was every moment expected. His doctors say that he may yet recover; but it is feared that the hours of the man so greatly beloved by his party are numbered."

Commissioner Raum recently appointed a board of pension examiners at Winchester, Ky., as follows: Drs. J. A. Shirley, J. H. McKurley and B. F. Johnson.

Let Us Have Better Roads.
Our people must awake to the importance of building better roads if they would prosper. We reproduce a circular issued by County Judge Frank Bullock, of Fayette county, a copy of which was mailed to each county judge in this commonwealth. This state road convention was held at Lexington Tuesday, and we hope was well attended by the county judges or their representatives generally. We are not advised as to what action County Judge Tutt took in the matter, but as he is much interested in internal improvements, presume he attended or sent a hand. The matter of good roads is of too much importance to be neglected by any official at any time, and now that the whole state is aroused to the vital importance of the subject, we hope something will speedily be done. We want every reader of THE HERALD to read carefully the article pertaining to better roads, and would be pleased to publish communications looking to the betterment of our roads from any of our farmers who have practical ideas on the subject.

LEXINGTON, KY., Dec 12, 1892.

TO THE COUNTY JUDGE.
DEAR SIR—The importance of better highways is demanding the attention of the business public all over the country. Primarily it affects the farmer, but through them it reaches every trade, the merchant, the manufacturer, the miller and the railroad.

The recent great decline in wheat which brought the price of this important cereal down to the lowest ever known in the history of the country is traced directly to the impassable condition of the roads in winter in the great wheat growing sections.

Farmers realizing that their grain must reach the markets in advance of this enforced suspension of traffic or be held until next season, when its delivery would interfere with seeding operations, rushed into the market until every elevator, railroad car and improvised granary were filled to overflowing, causing a decline in the market which has affected every wheat grower in the country.

It is estimated that it costs the farmers of the country \$650,000,000 every year to remove their crops of grain from the farm to the nearest market, it costing under the most favorable conditions from 15 to 20 cents per ton per mile to move freight by wagon over the average roads. Field work is impossible in winter and early spring, and these are the periods that should be utilized largely for delivering farm products, but farmers cannot avail themselves of this opportunity, as the roads are impassable, thus keeping in idleness 15,000,000 farm animals, at a loss of \$40,000,000 per year.

John M. Stahl, an authority on highway improvements, has estimated that the farmers of the country lose \$200,000,000 each year through bad roads, a sum that would wipe out the national debt in three years.

Farmers must be convinced that the actual distance from the farm to the market is not to be measured by miles, but by the character of the roads, bad roads are a tax upon the rural population exceeding in value every other burden, and when the farmers begin to count the cost of hauling their products to market they will demand better roads. In New Jersey where Telford roads have been built, the value of adjacent farm lands has trebled in value, and in Central Kentucky, the value of lands located on good roads is from 10 to 25 per cent. greater than the same quality of land isolated by impassable roads.

The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky is famous for its superior macadamized roads, but there are yet many miles in each county in this section in an impassable condition for many months during each winter.

Realizing the importance derived from the system of good roads that reach out in every direction from the city of Lexington, we desire to lead our will to the less favored sections of the state in bringing about some change that will not leave a mile of impassable or bad road in any part of this grand commonwealth.

We ask farmers, manufacturers, merchants, millers, doctors, ministers of the gospel, and business men in all trades to attend this convention and lend their aid in devising the best means of securing a system of perfect roads that will enhance the value of our lands over the state, save millions of dollars to the farmers each year in delivering their products and make it possible for thousands of families to have social intercourse with their neighbors, to attend public school, public worship, and to send their children to school, who

are now cut off from these advantages by the impassable condition of a great number of our country roads.

You are requested to appoint such delegates as you think will represent the interests of your county to attend this preliminary meeting in Lexington, Tuesday, December 20, 1892. Railroads leading into Lexington have all been solicited to give reduced rates on that day.

Respectfully,
F. A. BULLOCK,
County Judge Fayette County.
J. H. DAVIDSON,
Mayor of Lexington.

Weekly Courier-Journal.

HENRY WATSON, Editor.
Best : Democratic Paper : Published.
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T. F. CARR, JEWELER,
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CAMPTON, KY.

Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention.

ROSE & JONES,
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Are the only firm in the town which handles the justly celebrated

Boots : and : Shoes
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When you want the BEST footwear give them a call.

ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR

is easily earned by any one of either sex in any part of the country, who is willing to work industriously at the business we offer. The labor is light and pleasant, and you run no risk whatever. We fit you out complete, so that you can give the business a trial without expense to yourself. For those willing to do a little work this is the grandest offer made. You can work all day, or in the evening only. If you are employed, and have a few spare hours at your disposal, utilize them, and add to your income. Our business will not interfere at all. You will be amazed on the start at the rapidity and ease with which you amass dollar upon dollar, day in and day out. Even beginners are successful from the first hour. Any one can run the business—none fail. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No capital required. No money as grand workers; nowadays they make as much as men with capital. We teach you to do as well adapted to them. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. WALLACE & CO., Box 800, Portland, Me.

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QUINTMENT

CURES NOTHING BUT PILES

A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY FOR PILES.

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DENTIST,
EZEEL, KY.

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IS THE BEST PAINT MADE.

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It is not a Patent Paint but the best Paint that can be made by an experienced Practical Painter with the assistance of the latest improved and powerful machinery. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Will cover one-half more space than lead and oil mixed by hand. Sent, freight paid, for \$1.50 per gallon. One reliable dealer wanted in each town. Send for color cards, etc., to

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SPENCER COOPER, Agent, Hazel Green, Ky.

J. TAYLOR DAY.
FLOYD DAY.

J. T. DAY & CO.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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of any house in Eastern Kentucky. Live Stock, Saw Logs, School Claims and Country Produce taken in exchange for goods or on notes and accounts.

GREEN, HUFFAKER & CO.,
WHOLESALE BOOTS AND SHOES,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

HAZEL GREEN, KY., May 10, 1892.

To the Trade of Eastern Kentucky, Contiguous to Hazel Green:

We have this day completed arrangements with the above named firm and will handle their goods in large quantities. We especially invite an inspection by the merchants, as we are prepared to duplicate any and all prices quoted in Louisville, Cincinnati or Knoxville. Merchants can buy these goods almost at their doors and save large freight bills. We are prepared at any and all times to furnish these goods in any and every quality, size and price. All we ask is a trial. Respectfully, &c.,
J. T. DAY & CO.,
Represented by ED. GREEN.
Hazel Green, Ky.

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English Kitchen,

No. 12. W. Short Street, : Lexington, Ky.

Regular Meals 25 Cents. Meals to Order at All Hours. Breakfast from 5 A. M. to 9 A. M. Dinner from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Supper from 5 P. M. to 9 P. M. Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish, Chickens and Quails a specialty. Open from 5 A. M. to 12 P. M.

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Twenty-seven Professors and Instructors; Eight Courses of Study, as follows: Agricultural, Scientific, Biological, Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Veterinary, Classical, Normal School. County appointees received free of tuition. Board in dormitories \$2.00 per week; in private families \$3.00 to \$4.00. For catalogues apply to

JAS. K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., Lexington, Ky.

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Fashionable Dressmaking.

Is running constantly and doing the best work at the lowest prices.

Special accommodations for customers from a distance. Without detriment to our home trade.

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We do not make them and have no demand for them in our trade.

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JOB PRINTING NEATLY, CHEAPLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE. Send your order.

An Incident of the War.

In one of the upper counties Captain Tom Henry, in company with the celebrated free lance, "One-Armed Berry" and "Sue Mundy," captured a yankee colonel. Just like a set of fun-loving school boys, they determined to have some sport. After all is said and done, there never a set of men more given to grim humor than these same men, "One-Armed Berry" and "Sue Mundy." Tying the federal officer to a tree, they pretended to decide that he must die. Tom Henry, like the chivalrous gentleman he was and is, was detailed to put up a mock defense. With cocked pistol in hand he faced the two seemingly bloodthirsty partisans and announced they would have to march over his dead body before they killed the colonel. That was a corker; and, as agreed upon, the two men who were out for gore, finally concluded to let the colonel live. Afterwards, when on trial at Louisville for his life, during the proceedings the same yankee colonel, whose name had been strongly tested in the episode, came into the room where Henry was and, recognizing him as his supposed savior, had him released and sent home.—Morganfield Sun.

Mr. J. P. Blaize, an extensive real estate dealer in Des Moines, Iowa, narrowly escaped one of the severest attacks of pneumonia while in the northern part of that state during a recent blizzard, says the Saturday Review. Mr. Blaize had occasion to drive several miles during the storm and was so thoroughly chilled that he was unable to get warm, and inside of an hour after his return he was threatened with a severe case of pneumonia or lung fever. Mr. Blaize sent to the near-by drug store and got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, of which he had often heard, and took a number of large doses. He says the effect was wonderful and in a short time he was breathing quite easily. He kept on taking the medicine and next day was able to come to Des Moines. Mr. Blaize regards his cure as simply wonderful. For sale by Rose & Jones.

And Now the Old Man's In It.

Of all the odd election bets recorded, the Philadelphia Record claims that the oddest is that made by a Kensington couple. The man is a Republican and his wife is an ardent Democrat. Shortly before the election they became involved in a dispute over the relative merits of the two candidates, which at one time threatened to disrupt the household. This was renewed at intervals until in desperation the husband made the following startling proposition. Said he: "If Cleveland is elected, every night for a year I will clear off the supper table, wash the dishes and put them away. On the other hand, if Harrison is elected you must shave me and shine my shoes every morning." To this the wife readily agreed, and now the unfortunate follower of the g. o. p. spends the better part of the evening struggling with a dish rag and profanity, while his wife wears an angelic smile.

When on a visit to Iowa, Mr. K. Dalton, of Luray, Russell county, Kansas, called at the laboratory of Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, to show them his six-year-old boy, whose life had been saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it having cured him of a very severe attack of croup. Mr. Dalton is certain that it saved his boy's life and is enthusiastic in his praise of the remedy. For sale by Rose & Jones.

The Happy Family Squabbles.

The killing frosts of November seem to have brought the luxuriant and fragrant plant of harmony, of which the Republican party was wont to boast. The knife of discord is drawn from his sheath and is doing its deadly work. Andrew Carnegie, so prominent with Republican congressmen, is now stigmatized by Congressman Grosvenor as a "bandy-legged Scotchman, who will go down in history as the arch sneak of the age." It is and this lack of gratitude.—Toledo Bee.

Megrimine, the only permanent cure for all forms of headache and neuralgia, relieves the pain in from 15 to 20 minutes. For sale on positive guarantee at THE HERALD OFFICE, or sent postpaid by mail upon receipt of price; 50 cents a box.

Books Should Not be Taxed.

The legislature did an unwise act when it included books in the list of taxable property. The first error in the list is the family bible. We doubt if any other country under the sun imposes a tax on the bible. It is a heathenish act that could be expected of only such countries as the great "Unknown Interior" of Africa. The taxation of school books falls little short of the bible tax sacrilege.

The policy of the state should be liberal toward the dissemination of learning. To tax the books is certainly no encouragement. The government is most liberal in that direction. It has placed a lower rate of postage on newspapers than any other mail matter. The law exempts churches and school houses from taxes, but does not exempt the bible and school books. Where is the consistency? What is the line of argument that leads to the conclusion the legislature reached?

Let the present session of the legislature repeal the bible and school book tax, and not wait for its successor to do so.

A tax on a professional library would not be so much out of place, but by all means take the tax off of other books.—Climax.

For a sore throat there is nothing better than a flannel bandage dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It will nearly always effect a cure in one night's time. This remedy is also a favorite for rheumatism and has cured many very severe cases. 50 cent bottles for sale by Rose & Jones.

How Many Gallons?

Men who can plan and execute schemes, in order to evade the law, beat the courts, and come out clear are regarded as very shrewd in business matters. Men who endeavor to work such schemes, though not always successfully, are found more universally among small capacity distillers of brandy or whiskey, than among men of any other avocation among civilized people. The latest thing we have heard of being practiced as a scheme to evade the law is in Russell county, where a distiller or owner of a barrel wishes to dispose of it, has a friend to canvass his district, and find what each man is willing to take, be it a gallon, more or less, until the barrel is taken, then there is a meeting of the share-owners, and a general division according to quantity first agreed upon, and the money paid into a purse that goes to the payment for the barrel to the first owner. All the share-owners together buy the barrel, and the last act is to get each share separated from all the others.—Columbia Spectator.

A prominent cattleman from the territory of New Mexico tells of fearful suffering among the cattle of the drought-stricken district, and says 75,000 to 100,000 head of cattle have died from starvation and lack of water.

Morris Farris, of Danville, Ky., has sold to Nelson Morris, the big Chicago exporter, 280 head of fancy beefs for \$4.20 per hundred. They will average about 1,500 lbs. per head, and bring Mr. Farris upward of \$15,000. They go to England. Another large feeder, Mr. J. C. Caldwell, sold a like number to Goldsmith, of New York, the other day.

Lane's Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

Miss Carrico's Suit.

The \$10,000 damage case of Miss Emma Carrico vs. Thomas Logsdon and others, for defamation of character, was begun last week in the Marion circuit court. There are twenty-five or thirty witnesses, and the trial is attracting more than ordinary interest, the court house being constantly crowded.

Coughing leads to consumption. Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

Lawyer—"This bill says ten gallons of maple syrup; I sent you an eight-gallon keg."

Farmer—"Can't help it; I put in ten gallons."

Lawyer—"Well, here's the money; I don't mind paying for the two gallons, but it's an awful strain on the keg."

Happy and content in a home with "The Rochester" a lamp with the light of the morning Catalogue, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

AT
BEDTIME
I TAKE
A
PLEASANT
NEED
DRINK



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER. My doctor says it is entirely on the stomach, liver and blood, and is prepared for use at any time. It is called
LANE'S MEDICINE
All druggists sell it at 50c. and \$1.00 a package. If you cannot get it, send your order to
Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. It is cooling and soothing. You will see the excellent effect after the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere.
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We carry the goods that will suit your trade and our prices are THE LOWEST.
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DO YOU
COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMP'S
BALM
THE
BEST
COUGH
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It Cures Coughs, Hoarseness, Throat, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc. A certain cure for Croup in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. You will see the excellent effect after the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere.
BOTTLES 50 CENTS AND \$1.00.

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WORMS!
WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE
FOR 20 YEARS
Has led all Worm Remedies.
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Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.
A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Psoriasis, Scabies, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

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Practical Boot & Shoemaker,
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Special attention to Repairing, and satisfactorily guaranteed. Shop at old Cummins stand on the hill, near the Herald office.

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PRACTICAL
Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers.
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Blacksmithing of all kinds solicited and work promptly done. We make a specialty of building 2-horse wagons, and guarantee all work.

NOTICE—All who are indebted to the firm, or either of us for work, must come here, and settle, and cash or satisfactory terms will be demanded for all work done hereafter. Thanking you for past patronage and soliciting a continuance of the same, we are, respectfully,
ROSE & DeBUSK.

A. FLOYD BYRD,
Campton, Ky.
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Capital.....\$50,000.
FLOYD DAY, FRANK R. RUSSELL,
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No Bank in Eastern Kentucky has better vaults, nor better facilities for keeping your account. Managed entirely by home people who know you and who are always ready to accommodate you.
—Money to loan on reasonable rates. Call on us.

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HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Double and Single Rigs and Saddle Horses for hire. Parties conveyed to any point on reasonable terms.
We also attend to all calls for auctioning and special business of this kind. Respectfully,
JOHN H. PIERATT.

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